



VOL XXII.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 10, 1854.

NO. 33.



"Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man."

AUGUST WORK.

In Maine, most of the grain harvest is performed in this month, and as the grain crop is good it will be a pleasant though laborious task to secure it. Since the coming of the weevil, which began its mischief as long ago as 1837, the farmers of Maine, as a whole, have not raised so much wheat as they did previously. The decrease of the weevil, and the increase of price in western flour, will induce them to increase the wheat culture among us. More winter wheat is cultivated among us than formerly, but with varied success.

Most of our farmers have been too easily discouraged, in their experiments with this variety of grain. If it chances to become winter killed, or if the rust cuts short the yield, they are apt to give it up, and not persevere another season. Now this should induce inquiry how these evils can be obviated in future. We know that there are natural causes for these effects, and a full knowledge of all the modes of action of these causes, would lead to the best mode of obviating them.

August is a very good month for cleaning farms from bushes and such like encumbrances, for ditching and clearing meadows, &c. The old idea that bushes out during the full moon in August will certainly be destroyed, may or may not be founded on fact, but it is nevertheless a good season of the year to do such kind of business in. The ground is generally dry, the bushes have obtained their principal growth, the weather is warm, and the bushes cut will dry quickly so as to be burnt off soon after. Hence, the time for doing this business is very good whether the moon lends any particular aid or not.

Those who have wells to dig will find this season perhaps as good as any in the year. The springs are generally lowest in August or September, or before the fall rains come on, so therefore, when water is obtained in wells now dug, they will be more likely to retain it, on account of being dug deeper than they would have been if dug when the springs are higher.

Gathering a yearly supply of muck, engages the attention and labor of many farmers during this month, for the same reason why we should dig wells, viz: the springs being low and the earth being dry. He who has a good peat or muck bed within his reach, has a valuable manure mine.

Avail yourselves of the opportunity to get out a goodly quantity. If your leisure, or if the situation of the muck be such, that you cannot haul it away now, do not delay digging it out. Out with it, and pile it up in such manner that you can have access to it in the winter, and haul it up then.

It can be cut into masses while frozen, and loaded upon the sled, and deposited in such places that it will be convenient to put it into your barn yard, or barn cellar, or manure heap, and work it into a capital dressing for the soil whenever you wish so to use it.

The budding of many kinds of fruit may be advantageously done in this month. Grass seed may be sown, as also winter rye and winter wheat. Both of these grains do better if sown as early as the middle of this month, feeding them down if they grow so as to joint out much. If you cannot do this better until just before the ground freezes, for winter before you sow—a strong root and little foliage, or a weak root and little foliage is thought to do better under deep snow, than much foliage and medium amount of root.

THE WEEVIL AND OTHER INSECT.

We have heard of no complaint about the weevil, in wheat, this year, and in two fields which we examined, could not find any signs of it. Has it gone entirely from the State? If it has, the people of Maine have cause for great thankfulness. Many millions of dollars cannot pay for the damage it has done us. We see, however, by our exchanges, that if we are relieved from the ravages of this little scourge, it is not yet extinct.

Mr. J. G. Meyer, in the Country Gentleman, says—that for the first time, it (the weevil) has made its appearance in Centre County Pennsylvania, and asks, if there be any remedy or preventive? The editor of that paper states, that it has nearly destroyed the crop in Western Ohio, and has begun its ravages in Indiana. Farmers must study the habits of this insect in the section where it abounds. In Maine it was found that it made its appearance at the same time that the early sown spring wheat blossomed. It occurred to the farmers that by sowing their spring wheat later, it would be in a suitable condition to receive him, at the common period of its arrival. They did so, and their crops escaped the weevil, but another evil not the crops. By sowing late, it brought the maturing of the grain into the sultry dog days, and the rust frequently destroyed it. The Black Sea variety of spring wheat, for a time, resisted the rust, but, as it became more and more acclimated, it became liable to be also destroyed, as was the more tender varieties.

Some insects have periodical times of ravaging crops, and then disappear. The Palmer worm, so called, which swept over this section of the State last year, and destroyed the apple crop, seem to have been satisfied with one year's triumph, and not one has been seen this season. We need not say that their absence is much more agreeable to us, than was their presence.

TOMATO SALT. Peel and slice twelve tomatoes, pickling out the seeds; add three powdered crackers, pepper and salt to your taste; stew twenty minutes.

CLOVER FOR MANURE.

Our readers will find in another column on this page, some extracts from the Rural New Yorker, describing a visit of the writer, to the farm of D. T. More, Esq., not far from Albany, New York. We call the attention of some of our readers in Maine to it, for two reasons.

First, that they may note the successful use of clover as a green crop, to be turned in for a fertilizer, as a means of furnishing organic matter, to a soil destitute of it, and thereby supplying a very important material for the food of crops.

Second, that they may note the fact of his losing a crop of six acres of winter wheat, by being winter killed, and that too in Central New York. If some of our farmers in Maine should thus lose six acres sowing of wheat, by the effects of the winter, they would at once pronounce it an impossibility to raise such wheat here, and would never try again.

The experiments of Mr. More with guano, are interesting. We are inclined to think that guano is more likely to exhibit its peculiar fertilizing properties, on warm sandy lands, provided there be sufficient moisture, than on clay soils, with the same amount of moisture. This is a conjecture made from a few observations. It may not be correct.

We should like to hear further particulars of the manner of Mr. More's use of clover, as a fertilizer. At what period of its growth does he recommend to turn it under—in fact all the details of doing the thing as it should be done.

We have for years recommended this mode of keeping up the fertility of soils among us, especially those fields or outlands, too distant from the barn, to allow carting on animal manure or compost from the barn yard. Many have practiced it with success, others are still faithless, and require more strong proof before they will venture the trial.

In regard to superphosphate of lime, we have seen very decidedly good effects from its application this year, and some failures.

For the Maine Farmer.

DEEP PLOUGHING.

Mr. Editor:—Last fall I ploughed up a piece of sandy loam, (in some parts gravelly,) to the depth of a foot. The land had never been ploughed deeper than 7 or 8 inches. I manured it in such a manner as my former experience led me to suppose would give a good yield of corn; but I am disappointed. The growth is small, and unless I am mistaken in the signs, the yield of corn will be small also. On part of the piece the manure was ploughed in, and on the other it was harrowed in—none in the hill.

There was about five acres in the piece of land thus ploughed, about three acres of which, having been manured in an extra manner, shows a fair growth; but the remaining two acres, dressed with about 60 loads of muck and 30 loads of stable manure to the acre, as I said in the preceding paragraph, is a small growth.

I attribute this to the presence of the raw subsoil which the deep ploughing brought up, and upon which the elements have not yet had opportunity to work a favorable change. That air, sunshine and manure, will eventually convert it into good soil, which, from its superior depth, will be more productive than heretofore, I do not doubt; but from all appearances, it will be a great damage to my present crop.

Moscow, July, 1854. J. D. H.

For the Maine Farmer.

REMOVAL OF PINES.

Mr. Editor:—I wish to transplant a Norway Pine, almost four inches in diameter; and not being versed in the management of evergreens, will you or some of your correspondents give me the desired information? N. J. THOMAS.

Eden, July 24, 1854.

NOTE. If not in a hurry about the removal of the pine above named, we would wait until fall. Then dig a trench around the tree at a suitable distance from its body, and fill it up with leaves or straw. Then dig the hole where we wished to see the tree, and wait until the earth rose around it. When this had taken place, remove the tree with as large a mass of frozen earth around the roots as possible. If necessary to move it soon, wet the earth well about the roots, and take such other measures to keep it around them while moving as will effect it. No class of trees are so liable to die by exposure of their roots to the sun and air as our evergreens. Perhaps some of our correspondents can give us better directions, as the results of their experience. We should like to hear from them on the subject. Eo.

For the Maine Farmer.

WINTER KILLING OF YOUNG TREES.

Mr. Editor:—I have a Locust tree, and a Quince tree, that commence growing rather late in the spring, and grow so fast, that a part of the outer ends of the branches die in winter, in consequence of the wood not ripening. Would it not help the matter some by cutting or pinching the ends of the branches, after they have made a handsome growth? N. J. THOMAS.

Eden, July 28, 1854.

NOTE. We know of no better way than the one which our friend suggests, to cause a maturing of the wood. Eo.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR RINGING SWINE. Mr. Tubb, an English breeder of stock, has recommended a mode of dealing with these mischievous animals, which it is said may supersede the necessity of putting rings into their noses. It consists in simply shaving off with a razor or sharp knife the gristle on the top of the nose of young pigs. The place soon heals over; and the young pigs are thus rendered incapable of rooting.

GRAVES SHOULD BE BARRED, FROM EIGHT TO NINE feet long and from four to five feet high. In order to hang them to shut well when the post is in a true perpendicular, draw a plumb line on it; on this line, at a suitable height, fix the top hinge to project three inches and a half from the post, the lower hinge is to be put 14 inches to one side of the perpendicular line, and to project two inches from the post.

HOME MANUFACTURE OF POUDDRETE.

Inquiries like the following have often been made, and many have desired to know how they could avail themselves of a valuable manure, and at the same time render the apartments alluded to entirely free from odor. Information on the subject of economy and cleanliness combined which could not be obtained in any other way, we have no doubt will be acceptable to many of our readers.

"Will you please inform me the best and most convenient mode of manufacturing night soil into pouddrete, so that it may be drawn on land and spread without odor or inconvenience—my inquiry refers only to home use, of this powerful manure. B. G. ONDICA Co. N. Y."

The contents of privies, commonly known under the name of night soils, furnish an exceedingly powerful manure when properly manufactured, and under right management, the process will destroy all the effluvia arising from those deposits, and render the closet entirely offensive.

When a reservoir or small stream of water is at command, so that a current may be made to sweep through several times a day and carry off the contents into the manure yard, or into a covered bed of peat, or a compost heap, this forms perhaps the most perfect mode of removal. An essential requisite, however is freedom from the influence of frost, and the closet should therefore be connected with the dwelling where the reservoir of water may be kept from freezing, and from which there should be an underground channel of considerable size and slope. We have known all this to be perfectly accomplished by means of a lead cistern in the upper story, which was kept supplied with rain water at all times from the broad roof of the house, and which was sufficient beside for baths, washing, and all other domestic purposes.

When a current of water cannot be used, the next best contrivance is to form a tight box, of matched pine plank, and give it two or three coats of coal tar, so as to render it durable, and proof against moisture and warping. It is to be placed on two runners like that of a sled, made of plank or scantling, to the forward end of which a chain and iron hook are attached, so that it may readily be drawn off by a horse. This box must be of such a size as to fit a cavity make on purpose under the building.

The next thing is to provide a supply of some efficient doorknobbing substance. Dry sawdust or thoroughly dried peat does admirably well, with the occasional addition of ashes and powdered charcoal. Charcoal dust alone is much better, and if daily applied in small quantities will nearly destroy all smell; but it is absolutely essential to success that a full supply of this material be kept near at hand in a large box or hoghead in a shed or out house, where it shall be always dry and in a condition to apply every day, summer and winter. Animal charcoal is still more efficient than common charcoal, and may be made to form a portion of a material made as follows:—

Make a pile of peat, turf, old straw and brush, mix with tanner's shavings and broken bones; let the pile become dry enough to burn, and then cover it with ash and set it on fire. It should be sufficed to burn with a slow, smothered combustion, so as to char without consuming the materials. When the process is completed, the whole heap, including the turf covering, should be well mixed together and broken fine, and then placed in a large box under shelter, for daily use. Any portion of clay introduced by means of the turf, and well dried, forms a powerful absorbent of fetid matter. As often as may be convenient, a horse is hitched to the hook and chain, and the whole is drawn off into the barn-yard, where it is quickly discharged by turning the box upside down; and after covering the bottom and sides with the prepared material already described, it is replaced as before. The strong manure thus obtained, which if well mixed possesses but little odor and may be used directly, or may be mixed with common manure in the compost heap.

Durable plank should be placed under the runners, to prevent their sinking into the earth, and enable the horse to start the box easily. It is said that those who are employed to obtain the materials for the wholesale manufacture of pouddrete, throw in, before commencing operations, a few quarts of a strong solution of copperas, which immediately neutralizes effluvia, and adds to the value of the manure.

Since the above was written, we have received the following:

"The different modes of saving as well as making manure, very properly engage the attention of agriculturists to a great extent. There is one mode of saving manure, however, which is very much overlooked. The farmers generally, in building a 'palace' for the accommodation of the household, either dig a pit to a great depth, or a shallow one with a movable building, to be removed as often as the pit becomes filled. In the former case, there is fitted up a complete nuisance (after a year's existence) and a trap to frighten mothers and nurses. The latter is a nuisance from the beginning, and a subject of complaint almost everywhere. The plan I have adopted is simple and cheap—leaving the 'palace' as sweet as any chamber in the house, and productive, yearly of a tank, of manure worth twenty-five dollars—a species of pouddrete, I venture to say more fertilizing than any that can be purchased.

I have sunk a tank or pit, ten feet square and four feet deep, and lined with plank—stone or brick walls would perhaps be better. Upon transverse beams is built the 'palace' five feet square. From the kitchen and wash house, I have under-ground sewers emptying into this tank, through which all the slops of every description pass. The next is fixed on hinges so that the whole top may be opened up, and at this opening is deposited all the dirt accruing about the house including the ashes from two fires. The dirt and ashes absorb all the slops and moisture, and prevent the slightest unpleasant smell. This tank may be filled once or twice a year, and each filling would be worth to the garden the sum before mentioned. It is astonishing that this is much neglected by persons even who know the value of manure, and can appreciate cleanliness and convenience. B. B. PITTSBURGH, Pa." [Country Gentleman.]

See that your cattle have good fall feed.

EXHIBITION

OF THE WEST CROSBY AND SOCIETY, To be held at Madison Bridge, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 11th and 12th, 1854.

The following list of premiums, recommended by the Standing Committee, is now offered by the Trustees:

On Next Cattle.

For best town team, 10 yoke, \$10 00
24 do. 8 00
24 do. 6 00

best town team 3 yrs. old steers, 4 00
24 do. 3 00
24 do. 2 00

best yoke working oxen, 2 00
24 do. 1 50
24 do. 1 00

best yoke draught oxen, 3 00
24 do. 2 00
24 do. 1 00

best pair 3 years old steers, 2 00
24 do. 1 50
24 do. 1 00

best pair 2 years old steers, 1 50
24 do. 1 00
24 do. 50

best pair 1 year old steers, 1 00
24 do. 50
24 do. 25

best pair steer calves, 1 00
24 do. 50
24 do. 25

best bull, 5 00
24 do. 3 00
24 do. 2 00

4th do. 1 00
24 do. 50
24 do. 25

best stock cow, 3 00
24 do. 2 00
24 do. 1 00

best pair 3 years old heifer, 1 00
24 do. 75
24 do. 50

best 2 years old heifer, 1 00
24 do. 75
24 do. 50

best 1 year old heifer, 1 00
24 do. 75
24 do. 50

best bull calf, 1 00
24 do. 75
24 do. 50

best heifer calf, 1 00
24 do. 75
24 do. 50

best 3 years old colt, 1 00
24 do. 75
24 do. 50

best 2 years old colt, 1 00
24 do. 75
24 do. 50

best 1 year old colt, 1 00
24 do. 75
24 do. 50

best horse, 3 00
24 do. 2 00
24 do. 1 00

best cow, 3 00
24 do. 2 00
24 do. 1 00

best litter pigs, 1 00
24 do. 50
24 do. 25

best stallion, 5 00
24 do. 3 00
24 do. 2 00

best breeding mare, 3 00
24 do. 2 00
24 do. 1 00

best 3 years old colt, 1 00
24 do. 75
24 do. 50

best 2 years old colt, 1 00
24 do. 75
24 do. 50

best 1 year old colt, 1 00
24 do. 75
24 do. 50

best horse, common blood, 2 00
24 do. 1 50
24 do. 1 00

best ewe, 8 in number, 2 00
24 do. 1 50
24 do. 1 00

best full blood French Merino buck, 5 00
24 do. 3 00
24 do. 2 00

best 3 half blood French Merino ewes, 3 00
24 do. 2 00
24 do. 1 00

On Manufactured Articles.

best butter, 40 pounds, 1 00
24 do. 50
24 do. 25

best cheese, 20 pounds, 1 00
24 do. 50
24 do. 25

best pair thick boots, 50
24 do. 25
24 do. 10

best pair thin boots, 25
24 do. 10
24 do. 5

best pair shoes, 25
24 do. 10
24 do. 5

best 1 dot axes, 50
24 do. 25
24 do. 10

best set horse shoes and nails, 50
24 do. 25
24 do. 10

best 3 sides upper leather, 50
24 do. 25
24 do. 10

best 3 sides sole leather, 50
24 do. 25
24 do. 10

best loaf brown bread, 1 00
24 do. 75
24 do. 50

best loaf flour bread, 1 00
24 do. 75
24 do. 50

On Crops.

best wheat, one acre, 3 00
24 do. 2 00
24 do. 1 00

best Indian corn, one acre, 2 00
24 do. 1 00
24 do. 50

best acre potatoes, 2 00
24 do. 1 00
24 do. 50

On Manure.

best compost heap of 10 cords, 4 00
24 do. 3 00
24 do. 2 00

All entries for premiums must be made with the Secretary, by 10 o'clock A. M. on the day of exhibition, to which time all the lists of entries will be handed to the marshal for distribution to the several committees.

Hon. Ezekiel Holmes, Editor of the Maine Farmer, is expected to deliver the annual Address before the Society on the day of the Fair.

On Town Teams and Working Oxen. Col. William Hayden, Wm. Pullen, Hanson Light.

On Draught Oxen. David Elder, John Burns, D. T. Dismore.

On Bulls and Bull Calves. Samuel Tinkham, Wilton Greston, Rufus Bixby.

On Cows. Josiah Butler, Capt. John Burns, Dr. F. Caldwell.

On Heifers and Heifer Calves. James M. Smith, John L. Blackwell, Amasa Bixby.

On three and two years old Steers. Perry Moore, G. W. Blackwell, George Ladd.

On Yearling Steers and Steer Calves. Artemas Heald, Cyrus Goodrich, Col. John Heald.

On Horses. Jonathan Goodrich, S. W. Haggood, J. J. Holway.

On Sheep. J. S. Dixey, William B. Merry, S. W. Smith.

On Swine. John Wason, Jr., John Piper, S. W. Dismore.

On Manufactured Articles. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On Crops and Compost Manure. William E. Flint, Albert H. Moore, D. T. Dismore.

On Breed. Mrs. B. T. Dismore, Mrs. Sanborn Dismore, Mrs. S. Tinkham.

On Butter and Cheese. Mrs. B. T. Dismore, Mrs. Bead, Hilton, Mrs. N. Wason, Mrs. Sanborn Dismore, Mrs. S. Tinkham.

On Eggs. Mrs. B. T. Dismore, Mrs. Bead, Hilton, Mrs. N. Wason, Mrs. Sanborn Dismore, Mrs. S. Tinkham.

On Milk. Mrs. B. T. Dismore, Mrs. Bead, Hilton, Mrs. N. Wason, Mrs. Sanborn Dismore, Mrs. S. Tinkham.

On Poultry. Mrs. B. T. Dismore, Mrs. Bead, Hilton, Mrs. N. Wason, Mrs. Sanborn Dismore, Mrs. S. Tinkham.

On Fish. Mrs. B. T. Dismore, Mrs. Bead, Hilton, Mrs. N. Wason, Mrs. Sanborn Dismore, Mrs. S. Tinkham.

On Fruits. Mrs. B. T. Dismore, Mrs. Bead, Hilton, Mrs. N. Wason, Mrs. Sanborn Dismore, Mrs. S. Tinkham.

On Vegetables. Mrs. B. T. Dismore, Mrs. Bead, Hilton, Mrs. N. Wason, Mrs. Sanborn Dismore, Mrs. S. Tinkham.

On Miscellaneous. Mrs. B. T. Dismore, Mrs. Bead, Hilton, Mrs. N. Wason, Mrs. Sanborn Dismore, Mrs. S. Tinkham.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On the Knickerbocker Magazine. Wm. D. Snow, Abijah Colman, Alden Flint.

On

The Muse.

From the New York Evening Post.

COTTAGE DAYS.

BY J. A. BLACKMAN.

Far in a deep and shaded vale,
Where winds a streamlet fall and clear,
Stands the old cottage of my heart,
Wrapt in a thousand memories dear.

A thousand memories of the days
Of dreamy and untroubled ease,
When I was young, and walked with health
And hope among the hills and trees.

Moss gathers on the creaking door,
Within the swallows build their nests;
The floor is strewn with rusted leaves,
And none the spider's web molest.

Yet still, far from the throng and clash
Of the great city's crowded streets,
My fancy flies like a lone bird,
To this rude haunt of rural sweets.

Again I quaff the breath of morn,
Just fresh'ning 'mong the fane-lit hills;
And list the song of early birds,
And the wild glee of bewailing rills.

Or, musing 'neath the lattice pane,
O'erhaunted with richly-kissed vine,
I hear the low-voiced, well-remembered,
Of loving and well-remembered.

Then comes our Florian, hand-and-glove,
With spirit-like loveliness and grace,
To bless me with her converse sweet,
And perfect lily-faded face.

And arm in arm around the lane,
Between old dusky lindens row,
We fondly rove till thickening shades
Proclaim the long day's tranquil close.

O halcyon days, when life was given
In gentle and Arcadian calm;
When I was meek and kindly guest,
And felt her kindly smiling balm.

When for my thirst she drew her wine,
From frothy hill-top sparkling springs,
And found ambrosia in the lush
Green orchard's autumn offerings.

When all the daisy-scented sod
Seem'd burdened with a voiceless prayer,
And from the woody uplands rose
The world's sweet praises everywhere.

Thus on my spirit visions throng,
Sweet memories of exceeding bliss,
Till in the daisy-valley dust I meet,
I feel a blissful blessedness.

INWARD HARMONY.

The will is tenuous to his ear who feels
No harmony within; the south wind steals
As silent as unseen among the leaves:
Who has no inward being, none perceives,
Though all around is beautiful. Nay, more,
In nature's calmest hour he hears the roar
Of winds and flinging waves; puts out his light,
When high and angry passions meet in flight;
And his own spirit into tumult hurled,
He makes a turmoil of a quiet world,
And finds of his own boisterous air
With kindred sounds that haunt him to despair.

The Story-Teller.

From Peterson's Magazine.

A MISTAKE.

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY ELZA ROBINSON.

Aunt Higbee and cousin Silas Overing were traveling to the city together.

Aunt Higbee was somewhat deaf, although she never would admit it; and the organs of understanding pertaining to Silas Overing were like the mirrors that present everything in a distorted shape. These, with the noisy engine, were materials enough for even good conversation, and that which ensued. Their conversation was conducted in a sort of suppressed screech, owing to the noise of the cars, and much more than was intended reached the public ear.

"Have you seen the 'Squire's' new parlor?" commenced Silas, thinking it incumbent upon him to entertain his neighbor.

"Trainford, you mean?" screamed back aunt Higbee, "no, I ain't in there sense the new wing was put on. But what on earth can he want of a new parlor? I should think he needed a wife a great deal more."

Silas was just preparing to scream "What!" in his highest key, but having caught the word "wife," he concluded that he had heard aright, and went on to say:

"That's just what I was saying—there is a wife in it, you may depend on it!"

"Fit!" said aunt Higbee, following the precept of doing as she would be done by, and screaming so that all the passengers around her started.

"I say," repeated Silas, in a voice that left not a chance of his not being heard, "that Squire Trainford is going to be married!"

This assertion was accompanied by a series of winks and knowing looks, meant to arouse his companion to a conviction of his shrewdness in guessing; but aunt Higbee was obtuse, and, far from giving Silas any particular credit, thought this merely the *cor populi* speaking through a single mouth.

"Well, I declare!" said she, meditatively, her fingers busy with the black bag which she always carried, "I hadn't even heard of their being engaged!"

"Engaged!" repeated Silas, "I thought that was it! Who did you say the 'Squire' was engaged to?" he continued, bending eagerly toward his companion.

Aunt Higbee, however, thought this question merely a ruse to entrap her into a display of ignorance; and determined not to let Silas have the pleasure of supposing that she considered him at all overstocked with information, she answered quite tartly:

"To whom should he be engaged but Mary Infield? Don't all the village know that?"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Silas, delighted with this unexpected intelligence. "Well, I'm really glad of it—Mary's a nice girl."

"Yes," replied aunt Higbee, who had heard only the latter part, "she's almost past being a girl now—but I can very well remember when she was the beauty of the place. That was just after her father died."

"Gracious!" continued Silas, reflectively, "how I used to sit in church, watchin' them eyes of hers, and thinkin' that they looked as though she'd been pollin' 'em up with a piece of soft velvet, or somethin'!" They ain't so bright now-days."

"Poor thing!" said aunt Higbee, commiseratively, "but even now," she continued, "she's got a kind of look about her—not proud exactly, either—but then, somehow or other, I never could take the liberty of asking her if she was engaged to Squire Trainford."

"Well," said Silas, "I think that, all things considered, she has done pretty well for herself, and Squire Trainford will get a good wife. But they might just as well have done it years ago."

Aunt Higbee made no reply, and after awhile her companion relapsed into silence.

The truth is, the old lady was anything but pleased that Silas should have gained this information before her—she who so particularly prided herself upon knowing just what was going on among her neighbors, and who, as she often informed them, could "spot that and that together." Now, too, she could take no pleasure

in her trip to the city, so anxious was she to get home and inquire into particulars. She loved to make a prominent figure in every occurrence; and after pondering over the matter a long time, she determined to signalize herself in a manner that will transpire hereafter.

Those who have undertaken to converse in cars under the disadvantages before mentioned, will not be surprised at the fabulous nature of the communications given and received; for, although aunt Higbee would have sworn in any court of law, that Silas Overing had told her of Mary Infield's engagement to Squire Trainford, herself, informed him, the truth of the matter was that neither had told the other anything of the kind, and that there was nothing of the kind to tell.

But while aunt Higbee and Silas go their different ways from the car station, we may as well look in upon the parties most interested.

A little way off from the village, as though too aristocratic to mingle with the residences around, stood the dwelling known as Squire Trainford's. It was beautifully situated on a piece of rising ground, and clasped in from the other world by tall trees that in summer time made an almost perpetual twilight.

Having entered the immense hall, which looked like a room itself, visitors were shown into a parlor that seemed exactly in keeping with the rest of the place. The cane-bottomed sofa and chairs looked light and summer-like—the large flower-pot in the heart of the great Franklin was always arranged with particular care—and the asparagus-tops over the looking-glass nodded complacently in the summer breeze that came in through the open windows. Bright rays of sunshine slanted down on the grass without, and the wind murmured among the pines like a tired bird singing itself to sleep.

This was Mary's favorite room; and although, with her taste for the refinements of life, she would have liked pictures on the walls, and books and bronzes scattered around, she never mentioned these improvements to "the Squire," who pretended to despise everything that was not meant solely for use.

"The Squire," as he was called, from deference probably to his superior position, was one of the sunniest-tempered, most generous-minded, self-distrustful men that ever reached the age of forty-five in a state of single blessedness. He was proud of his farm, and liked to have it praised; but his neighbors were quite welcome to the benefit of all his new improvements, and he really enjoyed giving away his possessions. Notwithstanding this disposition, he continued a rich man, and everything prospered with him. His farm was one of the most beautiful in the country; his oxen always looked sleek and well-fed, his hired hands so diligent, and his barns and store-houses so bursting with plenty.

Aunt Higbee, who had been married for twenty years, was a woman of a kind heart, and she rendered the most natural thing in the world for Mary Infield to keep house for him; and yet the neighbors could well remember the time when they considered her abode there something strange and new. The orphan child of a ruined merchant, who, when dying, had no nearer friend than Edward Trainford, Mary was taken at once to his house, and placed under the care of his maiden sister. But after a few years the sister departed to a home of her own; and Mary remained as before, except that she now took the whole charge of the household, and ordered things entirely her own way. "This way" never failed to please her guardian—an office which boasted only a name—but Mary would not have acknowledged, even to herself, that this result was premeditated.

When Mary Infield first went to live with the Squire, she was a girl of about twenty, and, accustomed to every luxury and indulgence, she had, without knowing it, a haughty manner that effectually distanced her humble-minded guardian; who, neither surprised nor angry that she should, as he imagined, look down upon him, sheekly worshipped his dignity at a respectful distance.

Very beautiful was this haughty ideal; eyes that, though generally cast down, yet when lifted from this drooping attitude, seemed almost to scorch any pair detected in the act of watching them—arms borrowed from one of those wondrous statues that we gaze on in a shaded room hung with crimson drapery—and features moulded after those classic faces that captivated Greek and Roman warriors.

Sometimes, when the "Squire" sat in the shade of a butternut tree, during haying season, Mary would trip off to him with a pith of fresh water; and the good woman, who was more familiar with his Bible than with any of the modern romances, thought, as he marked the curve of those beautiful arms in balancing the pith on her head, and the wealth of rich, dark hair, of Rebecca at the well; and then he imagined himself fastening a gold bracelet on the snowy wrist, until he was aroused from his reverie by Mary's laughing remonstrance, and perhaps a dash of cold water.

At first the city-bred belle imagined herself in love with one of the "ruthless ones" who had hovered around her as she sought a blaze; but as time passed, and he who had sworn "fidelity until death," departed with her other friends, Mary began to smile at her past life, and gradually dawned upon her conviction the noble qualities of her so-called guardian. Inestimable pride was the prominent feature in Mary's character; and the idea of bestowing an encouraging look upon any man who was not on his knees was a monstrosity, not once to be thought of.

When the kind-hearted "Squire," chilled by her proud bearing, had said to himself that it would not be wise to tell her of his feelings then, for it would seem to imply that she was not welcome to a home there upon any other terms; and as years passed, he made up his mind that it would be an utter impossibility for Mary ever to love him, and magnanimously resolved not to let her even suspect his folly. And Mary did not suspect it; though whether she would have called it "folly" remains to be decided.

In the years that had passed, Mary had become a thoughtful woman; and a long communion with Nature had imbued her with a reverential admiration for the good and noble. She beheld Edward Trainford without the trappings of artificial life, and without the polish of artificial society; and felt that she had given vent to the constant murmur in her heart, it would have been: "Whither thou goest, I will go."

And so matters stood; another proof that the world is full of paper walls.

The cloudless June sun had dawned upon Mary Infield's thirtieth birthday, and the first grey hair lay like a thread of silver amid her clustering braids. She leaned against the window, and her still beautiful cheek was wet with tears.

Mr. Trainford rallied her upon her depression at the breakfast-table; and her lip curled with something of its old scorn, as she proudly determined that he should not suspect the cause.

It was a weary day, one of the longest that she had ever known; and in the evening, Mary, leaning her head sadly on her hand, thinking over all those past years, while Edward

Trainford, under the pretence of his newspaper, was watching her by the soft light of the shaded lamp. The curve of that beautiful lip seemed to her should raise her eyes suddenly and dash upon him the full light of their scorn.

One of the house-servants entered the room, and deposited a large box, directed to "Miss Mary Infield."

"The Squire" started up, glad of an excuse for conversation.

"May I open it, Mary? You look too tired to take the trouble."

Mary gave a calm assent, and yet she did feel a little natural curiosity to know what it contained. Several wrappers were removed, and a large cake, with a great deal of pretension in the frosting, was discovered. Mary looked at her guardian in surprise, and he looked at her with a pleasant laugh, "the Squire," with his pleasant laugh, "this looks as though you were afraid of your being starved out. It is very kind of me, certainly."

"But Mary was not to be put off so. The 'Squire' renewed his search, and soon brought to light a letter, which Mary carefully requested him to read. It was from aunt Higbee, and ran thus:

"My DEAR MARY—You're too much awfully, but a little bird has whispered in my ear that you're going to be married to Squire Trainford, and hopin' that I'm not too late, I've taken the liberty of makin' you a wedding cake. I had great work with the top part to make it stick, but if you are right cheerful, I think it'll last some time. You might just as well have got married years ago, but I 'pose you both took time to consider of it. Give my respects to the Squire, and do not forget my love."

Aunt Higbee considered this a very creditable performance, having "squared herself out" for some hours to accomplish her task, and little dreamed of the reception it was doomed to meet with.

Edward Trainford read on to the end in a state of complete amazement; and when it was finished, Mary burst into tears. Indignation, shame, and every other emotion, seemed struggling together; but the "Squire," poor man! was terribly alarmed lest she should suspect him of spreading the report, and in his consternation he exclaimed:

"I didn't do it, Mary! I would not, for worlds, have said such a thing!"

"I fully believe you, sir," and Mary seemed to have added two or three feet to her height, for she supposed this particularly intended to discourage any hopes that she might have formed. "I fully believe you, and I shall leave this house to-morrow."

Her words fell upon him like a thunderbolt; and hastily springing up, he commenced pacing the piazza in a state of desperation. He did not possess the power of saying precisely the right thing at the right moment, and he did not dare to look toward the parlor, or he might have seen Mary on her knees beside the table, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Well, Squire," exclaimed Silas Overing, as he mounted the steps completely out of breath, "I've come to see your congratulations."

"I don't know what you're," replied the Squire, more shortly than was his wont, "unless it is for the ridiculous mistake of a silly old woman, who has made me feel more unhappy than I ever did before."

"So it's a mistake, is it?" said Silas, while his countenance visibly fell, "what awful stories that old woman does tell! But I don't see, either," he continued, reflectively, "why it's so very ridiculous."

"Because," was the dejected reply, "it is ridiculous to think of Mary's fancying me."

"Well, now, I don't think so," said Silas, in a matter-of-fact way, "she ain't no very young, nor you neither—she ain't got no money, and you've got plenty—she's a kind of stuck-up, like, and you're kind of easy—I guess you're nigh about matched."

The "Squire" shook his head quite unconvinced; but Silas, who seemed determined to stick to the subject, next inquired:

"Has she ever told you she could not fancy you?"

"I never gave her reason to do so," replied the "Squire."

"Well, now, look here!" continued Silas, struck with a bright idea, "my advice is, just to go and give her reason at once, and I'll bet anything that she won't say nothin' of the sort! It seems so kind of foolish like to have people believe things that ain't no such thing."

Silas appeared to consider this a sufficient reason for immediate action, but he now wisely left the "Squire" to himself; and after a few more turns on the piazza, during which he had fully persuaded himself that he was doing nothing wrong, and that Mary could, at the worst, but say "no," Edward Trainford entered the parlor.

Mary averted her face, to be sure, and was angry that he should see her crying; but with more confidence that he had ever supposed himself possessed of, the "Squire" seated himself near her, and began the longest speech that he had ever made in his life.

Having set before her all the whys and wherefores, and because, he began to think that Silas Overing possessed more sense than he had ever given him credit for; for Mary smiled, at last, through her tears, and then Edward Trainford learned how true and fondly he had been loved. Mary and he sat there in the parlor, long while, that night; and he thought, with a sigh, that, as aunt Higbee said, they might just as well have been married years ago.

The wedding cake was put in circulation, and the donor had one of the most honored seats at the nuptial feast. But this, it must be mentioned, was entirely Edward's work, who expressed so much gratitude to aunt Higbee for her most fortunate officiousness, that the old lady went home from the wedding feast considerably puffed up with self-complacency.

The summer parlor at the "Squire's" presents quite an altered appearance; for as soon as Mary felt free to make the slightest allusion to improvements, pictures, bronzes, and books sprouted up as if by magic. Mary laughingly declares that there is an Aladdin's lamp somewhere among the kitchen rubbish, which the "Squire" rubs in secret; but she is positively assured that the good witcher about the place is that lodged in Mary's keeping.

Aunt Higbee and Silas have not, to this day, settled the quarrel between them as to who was the relator of that disputed piece of news, but keep up a perpetual chorus of "Katy did," and "Katy didn't."

ANecdote of TOM MARSHALL. When Pilecher was haranguing about "his father having been a poor man," "his father was a cooper," and more of that sort of thing, Marshall said he would admit the gentleman's father was a poor man; perhaps he had been a cooper, but if he was, (pointing to Pilecher) he had put a mighty poor head to one of his whiskey barrels!

EXCESSIVE are the pickpockets of time. The sun does not wait for his hot water, or his boots, but gets up at once.

THE BOATMEN OF DEAL.

From the Boston Journal.

THE TIDE OF DEATH.

BY THE HON. ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that relentless tide.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that relentless tide.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that relentless tide.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that relentless tide.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that relentless tide.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that relentless tide.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that relentless tide.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that relentless tide.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that relentless tide.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that relentless tide.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that relentless tide.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that relentless tide.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that relentless tide.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that relentless tide.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

Sabbath Reading.

THE TIDE OF DEATH.

BY THE HON. ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that relentless tide.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that relentless tide.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow
The charms that linger there.

The tide rolls on: wave after wave,
It swells the waters low;
Before it all is bright and fair;
Behind it all is woe.

The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along
By that relentless tide.

The tide rolls on, the tide rolls on,
The never ceasing tide,
That sweeps the pleasure from our hearts,
And leaves the children of the world
That brings affliction to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's untroubled brow